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JELLALABAD.

Original Communications.

JELLALABAD.

It was at Jellalabad that the brave Sir Robert Sale made that noble stand for the honour of the British name, which set some limits to the calamity which England had to deplore, and eventually contributed greatly to change the deep lament of mourning into songs of triumph. Ordered by his superior to surrender the fortress, he saw error, and suspected treachery. His lady was a captive in the hands of a fierce barbarian, but he had the duty of a soldier and an Englishman to discharge, and disdained to suffer any considerations personal to himself to operate on his mind for a moment. His sagacity foiled the enemy—Jellalabad was maintained through the dreary winter, and at length, when the exulting Akbar commanded submission, then, issuing from the fortress, he taught the barbarous foe what it was to "seek the

lion in his den," inflicted on him and his followers a memorable defeat, took their baggage, their guns, and gave their whole camp to the flames.

While the General was thus severely pressed, we cannot help glancing at the situation of his captive wife. She, besides exposed to exasperated savages and to appalling earthquakes, sustained by congenial courage, was sorely keeping a journal of passing events in order to render the dangers present, a future advantage to those who might want such information, as unfortunate circumstances enabled her to accumulate. She comments on what is passing with the utmost calmness and self-possession; and in answer to some remarks that had been published respecting her being supposed favourable to Akbar Khan, she proves herself a stateswoman, and almost seems to dictate the course which was ultimately pursued: she says—

"As to my great prepossession in favour of Akbar, my greatest wish is that Gen-

eral Nott's force should march up to Ghuznee, release the prisoners there, and then that a simultaneous movement should take place of Nott's and Pollock's forces upon Cabul. Once again in power here, I would place Akbar, Mahommed Shah, and Sultan Jan *hors de combat*; befriend those who befriended us, and let the Afghans have the Ameer Dost Mahommed Khan back, if they like. He and his family are only an expense to us in India; we can restore them and make friends with him. Let us first show the Afghans that we can both conquer them and revenge the foul murder of our troops, but do not let us dishonour the British name by sneaking out of the country like whipped Pariah dogs."

Her Ladyship added—

"I knit socks for my grand-children: but I have been a soldier's wife too long to sit down tamely, whilst our honour is tarnished in the sight and opinion of savages. Had our army been cut to pieces by an avowed enemy, whether in the field or the passes—let them have used what stratagems they pleased—all had been fair. Akbar had shone as another William Tell; he had been the deliverer of his country from a hateful yoke imposed on them by Kaffirs; but here he stands, by his own sword freely made, the assassin of the Envoy; not by proxy, but by his own hand. I do believe he only meant to make him prisoner, for the purpose of obtaining better terms and more money; but he is a man of ungovernable passions, and his temper when thwarted is ferocious. He afterwards professed to be our friend; we treated with him; great was the credulity of those who placed confidence in him; still they blindly did so."

She does not, however, withhold all commendation from Akbar. Lady Sale writes—

"A woman's vengeance is said to be fearful; but nothing can satisfy mine against Akbar, Sultan Jan, and Mahommed Shah Khan. Still I say that Akbar, having for his own political purposes done as he said he would do—that is, destroyed our army, letting only one man escape to tell the tale, as Dr Brydon did; and having got the families into his possession—I say, having done this, he has ever since we have been in his hands, treated us well,—that is, honour has been respected. It is true that we have not common comforts; but what we denominate such are unknown to Afghan females; they always sleep on the floor, sit on the floor, &c.—hardships to us."

The following details are supplied of the situation of the prisoners:—

"It is true we have been taken about the country; exposed to heat, cold, rain, &c.;

but so were their own women. It was and is very disagreeable; but still we are, *de facto*, prisoners; notwithstanding Akbar still persists in calling us—honoured guests; and, as captives, I say we are well treated. He has given us common coarse chintz, and coarse long cloth, too, wherewith to clothe ourselves;—I must not use the word dress; and making up these articles has given us occupation; increased by having to work with raw cotton, which we have to twist into thread."

Such was the situation, and such the feelings of the lady, whilst her brave husband, under circumstances of extraordinary difficulty, defended Jellalabad. Had that fortress fallen, it is impossible to guess the effect it would have produced on the excited conqueror. Believing himself omnipotent, he might have tried to what length vengeance could be carried on the helpless ones in his hands, and therefore it is not easy to over-rate the importance of the service rendered at this important post. The tide of war was turned, and rain rolled back on the foe by the gallant defence of Jellalabad.

THE KING AND THE MARQUE; OR, THE BROKEN SWORD AND THE BURNING CAMP.

(Continued from page 261.)

"How fares it sweet one?" Louis demanded, as he saluted the lady. "But what," he proceeded, "have the breezes of heaven done that they are so strictly excluded from your chamber?"

While he spoke he threw open the windows of the apartment. He himself never suffered from cold, and he hated a warm room. In nothing was the despotism of his nature more shown than in the stern severity with which he exacted from his favourites that they should feel, or seem to feel, as he did. He could not brook that they should have senses of their own independent of his. If he were hot they were not at liberty to shrink from the chilly blast; if he were hungry they might not abstain from food.

Madame de Montespan was too familiar with this more than Royal tyranny to feel surprised, or to think of appeasing it. She blamed the servants for having closed the windows, and appeared grateful to her Royal lover for opening them.

"You look divinely," said the King, taking her hand, and seating himself on the couch; "you have some noble fruit on your table. These grapes are the finest the season has produced."

"They are large," said Madame, "and their flavour, I trust, will not displease your Majesty."

"It is delicious," exclaimed the Monarch.

"But you do not eat. Partake of them. Try them."

Madame complied, and expressed great satisfaction at finding they were approved by her Royal lover. He handed her some claret; she sipped it.

"Drink, drink heartily, fair one," cried the King. She raised it to her lips, and the next moment the glass was empty.

But the wine had not been drunk by Madame de Montespan. The glass was not a small one, and she was anything but thirsty. The couch on which they rested did not stand quite close to the wall, and, while the King's eyes were in another direction, she adroitly poured the wine behind it. De Puygilhem, resting against the tapestry and looking upwards, received the contents of her glass full in his face. The suddenness of the visitation took him by surprise, and he involuntarily started with such violence that he suspected the movement would announce his presence, if, indeed, he had not previously been discovered. Of this, even, he had some fears, and doubted whether the claret bestowed on him, had not been intended to requite his intrusion. He was, however, soon relieved from that fear. Nothing indicated that either of the lovers supposed a third person to be in the apartment; and the commonplace conversation in which they indulged satisfied him that his apprehensions were unfounded.

They spoke of fêtes to be given, and journeys of pleasure to be made, and of those who should participate in them. Madame de Montespan mentioned more than one person connected with the Court in terms of approbation and goodwill, but the name of De Puygilhem did not occur to her.

The listening Marquis glowed with indignation at the heartless neglect of which he felt that he might with reason complain. He more than suspected that she had not his interest at heart, as many very favourable opportunities had offered for speaking of him which she had not improved.

On that point he had no longer a doubt. So completely was his mind set at rest, if that might be termed rest which was wild exasperation, that, had it been practicable, he would gladly have withdrawn.

But a retreat, at that moment, it would have been madness to attempt. He was compelled to remain and to hear much that in no way interested him. The speech of the King at length took a turn, which, in an instant, riveted his attention.

"Were Triboulet now living," said he, "I more than suspect my name would today be inscribed in his 'Journal of Fools,' and deservedly so, too."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the lady. "Can your Majesty be serious?"

"Can I be other than serious?" Louis

inquired. "The eternal worry of public business, and the ceaseless contentions of a Court, leave a king little time for mirth. Louvois, with more than the ordinary licence of a minister of state, has been schooling me as if I were a child. Mazarin would not have been more severe. At present I cannot do without him, and the chief of the war department is virtually King of France."

"Surely, Sire, you jest. Of all your subjects and servants, he has ever seemed the most devoted."

"He has his own views, and those he will not suffer me to thwart. I am now perplexed not a little about a promise I made De Puygilhem."

"The kind and noble nature of your Majesty," replied Madame de Montespan, "notwithstanding your almost superhuman penetration" (no flattery was too gross for Louis), "sometimes leads you to make promises which ought, in reference to the objects of them, hardly to be fulfilled."

"A pretty broad hint," thought Puygilhem, "that a promise given in my favour may very properly be put aside."

"You are aware that Puygilhem wishes to be Master-General of the Ordnance, I believe," said the King.

"I am. I learnt it from himself."

"He was early in his application, and I thought I might, without great inconvenience, comply with his request."

"If your Majesty only proposed doing so because he was early in asking for a vacant office, I venture to say the same merit in the same individual, if he should now be passed over, will, at no distant day, give him a claim to some other high post equally valid."

"I promised him," Louis resumed, "and desired him to be secret, intending to announce to the council that I had made the appointment in order to prevent discussion; but through some means before I could do so it transpired."

"As there were but two parties possessed of the secret, it was only from one of them that it could pass. It was not revealed by your Majesty?"

"Certainly not."

"Then if his advancement were foolishly heralded by the Marquis himself, he broke the contract made, and doing so forfeited by his vanity and disobedience all claims to the honour your Majesty was disposed to bestow."

"Say you so? By the Holy Mary I there is some reason in that."

"Let me not meddle in state affairs. On the fitness of Puygilhem for the office to which he aspires I would not wish to offer an opinion. Your Minister of War, the faithful Louvois, can best advise your Majesty as to his capacity to hold that or any other high situation."

"Pygmalion, to do him justice, has never relaxed in his attentions."

"No, your Majesty, he has proved that he knows how to lay siege to a king."

"He has been faithful."

"To his own interest. That he will be ever. He has been faithful as in some climates a shark would be to the ship in which your Majesty sailed, and constantly in attendance till some corpse should be thrown overboard for his advantage."

"Your satirical humour allows him no merit."

"Not so, great Sir; I allow him an infinity of merit, but not exactly that sort of merit which entitles him (only on such matters I give no opinion) to the high situation he presumes to claim. He has too many affairs of another kind on his hands to have leisure to attend to your Majesty's concerns as Master-General of the Ordnance."

"Of what affairs do you speak?"

"Affairs of the heart; if love like his can be supposed to have anything to do with the heart. Your Majesty has graciously permitted him to aspire to the hand of Madam de Montpensier. He, so far as she is concerned, is desperately enamoured of the matured charms of forty-four. I could tell you he is equally devoted to the opening beauties of eighteen."

"But that, after all, is but nature."

"Nature associated with art. He has had the art to gain the affections of the Duchess, with a view, no doubt, to her gold, her domains, and the dukedom; and he worships Nature by making love to a pretty waiting-woman."

"Why really, Athenais, you seem to know all his movements."

"More of them than I cared to learn. He has forced me to be acquainted with some of them. As an excuse for speaking to me, that he might try to move me to interfere (which your Majesty need not be told I never do in matters of public business) in his behalf, he has brought for my inspection a curious old snuff-box. Here it is."

"The device," said Louis, examining the box, "are clever."

"Then," resumed the lady, "he pretends he is about to become a patron of literature. A young song writer he has named to me, and furnished me with a specimen of his composition, which from its trifling character I should suspect to be the Marquis's own."

"And what is the theme?"

"Love. Love, after much profound study, he has ascertained to be the only physician. The blind god, according to Pygmalion, can cure all diseases and all wounds, however severe."

"Indeed! By the mass, that is something. The finding out the circulation of

the blood was nothing in comparison with this discovery."

"Approving of his ideas, your Majesty should have the materials of love in readiness for your next campaign, to be administered to the sick and wounded. Listen to the Marquis's ditty:—

THE DOCTOR LOVE.

Robert wounded in the battle,

Carried to a lonely cot,

Agnes with her lively prattle

Reconciled him to his lot;

But to see him swallow pill,

Though he certainly was ill,

Very greatly shock'd her;

So she cried, "Ne'er go on so,

Physic to the bow-wows throw,

Never mind the Doctor."

All his medicines in view,

Agnes no less kind than clever,

From the window quickly threw—

He was soon as well as ever.

"Sav'd by you," he cried, "alone,

Dearest you must be my own,

In his arms he lock'd her:

You, my Agnes, cure my woe,

Physic to the dogs I throw,

Love shall be my Doctor."

"I quarrel not with that," said Louis,

"the strain is sportive."

"But hardly meet for a Master-General of the Ordnance to write. What I complain of is he wants sincerity. He has no real feeling. His beautiful mistress Claire D'Alberg died a month ago. He affected despair, and after talking of not being able to survive the shock, produced the following touching epitaph:—

"Of this sad triumph Death is vain;

For never yet did he subdue,

Among the millions he has slain,

A heart more generous, fond, and true."

"And what is there in that to complain of?"

"Nothing, your Majesty; but on the very next day I found an amorous ballad in his hand-writing, addressed to my waiting-maid."

"Still I am perplexed how to act. I certainly promised."

"His folly and want of principle have released your Majesty from every shadow of an obligation."

"But he is active, useful, intelligent."

"He is a shrewd eavesdropper; a clever spy. Were I your Majesty I would make him my Lieutenant of Police. That would suit his talent. Where he was on the look-out plotters would often have to exclaim, 'Walls have ears.'"

"You are hard upon the poor Marquis."

"And if his overbearing vanity objected to the office I have suggested as fitting for him, I would provide him with a snug retreat in the Bastille, and accommodate his ugly face with an iron mask."

"No more, no more," said the King, and some uncomfortable reminiscences seemed

to occur to him as the last recommendation fell from the coral lips of his fair friend. Wishing to change the theme, he occupied himself in examining the snuff-box which had previously been brought under his notice.

Puygillhem lost not a word of what had been said to his prejudice. He was in a fever of rage. Hardly could he refrain from bursting forth to reproach the perfidious favourite with her treachery, cruel mockery, and gratuitous falsehood.

At that moment the palace clock struck six.

He started at the sound. He wore a watch of great value, a fine-toned repeater, which had that day been set by the clock he had just heard. The next moment it would strike.

"It gives notice!" said he to himself in fearful embarrassment; "it is about to tell the hour; it will be heard, and then—discovery must inevitably follow."

He distinctly heard from the watch the prelude to the strike, and knew it must be instantly succeeded by the sound of the bell. The exclamation of the King, the shriek of the favourite, the drawn sword of the former, the hysterics of the latter, were all present to his imagination. The bell struck; but, at that precise moment, the massy snuff-box which Louis had been curiously inspecting fell from his hand. It gave a heavy dull sound, and overpowered that of the repeater. The movement made by the King to recover it, and by Madame de Montespan, who rose to spare him the fatigue, with their joint exclamations, created too much noise for the bell to be heard, which had completed its announcement before perfect silence was restored.

But the accident which seemed to have terminated his danger gave him, in its consequences, a new peril not less formidable. The box which had fallen close to him was filled with choice snuff, and it had burst open on the carpet. A portion of the subtle dust which rose from it now assailed the nostrils of the recumbent nobleman, and he was seized with a disposition to sneeze, which he knew not how to repress. He pinched his nose with violence, but failed to subdue the irritation, which in spite of every effort he could make at length issued in a convulsion that he fancied seemed to shake the apartment. Fortunately it was not audible, and the King and Madame were then earnestly engaged in conversation, and did not perceive what had given Puygillhem alarm.

His object was now accomplished; he knew what he had to expect from the good offices of the proud, deceitful favourite of Louis, and only wished to be away. But how to effect this unobserved was a question which occasioned him much perplexity. When another hour had passed,

his repeater would strike seven, and the conversation of the King and his friend was become so much less animated than it had been while his name was on their tongues, that he could not again escape detection. His only hope was that before seven o'clock the monarch would retire.

This proved vain. Louis complained of fatigue, and said he coveted repose; and the Marquis fancied he heard him say that he would, contrary to his custom, remain there all night.

Madame de Montespan prayed him to dismiss cares of state from his Royal mind, and to compose himself. He seemed to take her advice. His answers became few, and slowly, nay almost unconsciously, murmured; and soon, from his deep breathing, Puygillhem was convinced that he slept.

Still the Marquis could not move. The glimpse of his form would have caused Madame to give an alarm, and instantly awaken her Royal paramour. She sobly rose from the couch, arranged some of her papers in silence, looked at herself in the glass, refreshed the rouge on her cheek, and carefully readjusted her clustering curls, then silently resumed her seat by the side of Louis.

All was profoundly still. Even the ticking of his watch could be heard, and that so distinctly that the Marquis feared it would arrest the attention of his neighbours, or at least of Madame. This apprehension was speedily abated. She remained so motionless that he was persuaded she also slept. He listened attentively for many minutes, and could clearly distinguish the strong, audible respiration of Louis, and the softer, long-drawn breathings of the lady, who, as if to please the King, slept, or seemed to sleep, as he did.

Satisfied on this point, he now judged the time was come when he might effect his escape. One or both of the slumberers near him must shortly awake; and the hour had nearly expired when the betrayer he carried about him would again be heard. But how could he withdraw? To remove the fastenings of the door was dangerous in the extreme. That could not be silently effected. The window, however, was open. Thence he could certainly make his exit without noise; but then he reflected its height was such that, dropping from the balcony, he would be likely to remain silent for ever.

One thing he might do with little risk, which would abate the danger of his situation. He could dispossess himself of that unrelenting enemy, his watch, by throwing it from the window, which done, he might return to his hiding-place, and, if the King retired early, as was his usual habit, he could effect his retreat unobserved. But what if the Royal lover should remain all night? That was an awful thought.

While these considerations were revolving in his mind, the Marquis cautiously left his unenviable place of concealment. He gained the middle of the room, and gazed on the sleeping pair. The King, majestic in repose, reclined on his right side, his left hand habitually resting where his sword usually hung, in the attitude of one prepared at a moment's warning to rise from sleep to join in battle. The lady, with studied grace, sat at a short distance from the King, but dutifully bending towards him; her air was that of gentle obedience and confiding love.

Excercising in his heart the beautiful traitress, Pyggilhem moved towards the window. Its distance from the ground was greater than he had supposed, or the close of day, for it was now almost past twilight, made it appear more formidable than anything he had contemplated. He could not think of remaining where he was. To resume his late position would not be easy without disturbing the King or the lady. But time pressed. Though fearful the height, there was less danger in a fall than in meeting the sudden ire of Louis. He stepped to the window. The palace clock began to strike. In his ears it had never sounded so loud before. He knew what was to follow; already the repeater had given warning, when he heard the voice of the King, who exclaimed—

"Who's that? what are you?"

Pyggilhem no longer paused. His watch was beginning to strike, when he dropped from the balcony.

(*To be continued.*)

ESQUIMAUX LADIES.

(*From a paper read by Dr King at the last meeting of the Ethnological Society.*)

THE occupations of the women are of no ordinary character. They comprise, in the words of Crantz, the offices of butchers, cooks, tanners, sempstresses, tailors, and shoemakers; furnished only with a crooked knife, in the shape of a crescent, several large and small needles, a thimble (of leather), and their own teeth, with which they stretch the leather in tanning and currying. The hunter conceives that he has done his duty in killing the animals whose skins are to be dressed; and therefore does not offer the slightest assistance in preparing them. Whenever his boots or dress become wet, the wife scrapes the water from them, rubs and supples the leather, and dries them over the lamp. Should the boots, shoes, or gloves, of parchment seal-skin become stiff by being laid aside for a time, they are then chewed until soft by the women and girls. In preparing skins great part of the fat and oil is first sucked from them, they are then repeatedly scraped and rubbed between the hands, and in summer are stretched by pegs on the ground: in win-

ter they are laced over a hoop, and exposed to the heat of the lamps. When deer skins are prepared so as to resemble shamoy leather, the only preparation after the usual scraping and drying is by chewing, rubbing between the hands, and ultimately scrubbing with sand and water; while damp a second scraping is given, and, on drying, the skin assumes a beautiful appearance. The women prepare bird skins, also, by sucking and drying; they make whalebone pots, ivory ornaments, gear for bows, fishing lines, harness for dogs, &c. &c. They have also an ingenious method of making lamps and cooking pots of flat slabs of stone, which they cement together by a composition, applied warm, of seals' blood, of whitish clay, and of dogs' hair; the vessel at the same time being held over the frame of a lamp, which dries the plaster to the hardness of a stone. Of the occupations of the women the most important is that of cutting up the small seals; and at the same time it is one of the greatest luxuries and privileges they enjoy. Sir Edward Parry has thus expressed himself in the relation of a scene of the kind which he witnessed. Over a seal two elderly women were standing, armed with large knives, their hands and faces besmeared with blood, and delight and exultation depicted on their countenances. They had just performed the first operation of dividing the animal into two parts, and thus laying open the intestines. These being taken out, and all the blood carefully baled up and put into the ootkooseek, or cooking pot, over the fire, they separated the head and flippers from the carcass, and then divided the ribs. All the loose scraps were put into the pot for immediate use, except such as the two lady-butchers now and then crammed into their own mouths, or distributed to the numerous and eager bystanders for still more immediate consumption. Of these morsels the children came in for no small share; every little urchin that could find its way to the slaughter-house running eagerly in, and between the legs of the men and women, presenting its mouth for a large lump of raw flesh, just as an English child of the same age might do for a piece of sugar-candy. Every now and then also a dog would make his way towards the reeking carcass, and, when in the act of seizing upon some delicate part, was sent off yelping by a heavy blow with the handles of the knives. When all the flesh is disposed of, for a portion of which each of the women from the other huts usually brings her ootkooseek, the blubber still remains attached to the skin, from which it is separated the last; and the business being now completed, the two parts of the hide are rolled up and laid by, together with the store of flesh and blubber. During the dissection of their seals they have a

curious custom of sticking a thin filament of skin, or of some part of the intestines, upon the foreheads of the boys, as a charm to make them fortunate seal-catchers; and it is worthy of remark, that before a knife is put into the animal, as it lies on its back, they pour a little water into its mouth, and touch each flipper and the middle of the belly with a little lampblack and oil taken from the under part of the lamp. What benefit was expected from this preparatory ceremony could not be learnt; but it was done with a degree of

superstitious care and seriousness that bespoke its indispensable importance. The women of Greenland, Labrador, and Hudson's Straits, are the greatest drudges, for in those parts they have the additional labour of rowing the faggage boats; while those of Boothia and Melville Peninsula, owing to the constant fog being there in use, are the best off. When stationary in the winter they have almost a nuisance of it sticking quietly in their hats, with their legs doubled under them, and having little or no employment for the greater part of the day.



Arms. Az. on a chev., or, between three bezants, a laurel leaf, slipped vert. Crest. A globe, fracted at the top, under, a rainbow with clouds at each end, all ppr. Supporters. Two females in hose garments, hair dishevelled, each holding in the exterior hand an anchor, all ppr., the cushion of Hope. *Motto.* "At ops nos fracta," "But my hope is not broken."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF HOPE-TOWN.

HOPE is a very old Scotch name. John de Hope, the ancestor of the Hopetown family, came from France in the retinue of Magdalene, Queen of James the Fifth of Scotland, 1537. Having fixed his abode in Scotland, at his death he left a son named James, who became one of the leading inhabitants of Edinburgh in the time of Queen Mary. He was most friendly to the Reformation, and had the honour of being one of the Commissioners from the Metropolis to the Parliament in 1560. His son Henry was a merchant. Of two sons that he left, Thomas and Henry, the former was brought up to the bar, and practised with great success. He was created a Baronet of Nova Scotia, February 11, 1628. He had fourteen children, three of whom were great lawyers, and reached the bench, and their father, as Lord Advocate, pleaded before them.

This was very common spectacle, it is said, gained for that law officer the privilege which he now enjoys of pleading covered in the Supreme Courts of Judicature, it being deemed indecorous that a father should stand uncovered before his sons. He was believed at the time to have accumulated the largest fortune that was ever made in Scotland. The sixth son of this Sir Thomas Hope, was Sir John Hope, a member of the Scottish bar, who was appointed, in 1641, Governor of the Mint, and constituted a Lord of Session in 1646.

It was his grandson Charles, who was elevated to the Peerage of Scotland, 16th of April, 1703, by the title of Viscount Althorpe, Baron Hope, and Earl of Hopetown; being one of the representative Peers of Scotland from 1722 to his death. He was invested with the insignia of the order of the Thistle at Holyrood House in 1738. He was succeeded by his son and grandson. When the latter, the third Earl, died, May 28, 1816, the honours devolved on his half-brother, Sir John Hope of Rankellour, then Lord Niddry, as fourth Earl. He was a General in the army, Colonel of the 43d regiment of Foot, and Knight Grand Cross of the Bath, who, for his gallant achievements in the Peninsular war, had been elevated to the Peerage of the United Kingdom, May 17, 1814, by the title of Baron Niddry, of Niddry Castle, county Linlithgow.

Rather Soft.—A ridiculous account of a pretended ascent by a Dr Geoll on the flying gridiron, or new aerial steam ship, which appeared in a Scotch paper last week, has been adroitly contradicted. Some of the wise scribes of the London press, who not having seen the scientific exposition of the humbug in the 'Mirror,' No. 14, took it for a true report. This fact may furnish some excuse for the unfortunate simpletons who were gulled by the first hoaxing announcement of this magnificent invention.

HIS LATE ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF SUSSEX.

[The eagerness of the public prints to afford the readiest information connected with the late mournful event having caused some incorrect statements to appear, it has been thought desirable to anticipate our usual publication-day in order to give, in this place, a carefully revised summary of all that has occurred, including a perfect copy of the official programme.]

THE Royal Duke, now no more, whose death and character were noticed last week, was a tall and fine-looking man; his height was no less than six feet three inches. Though strong in appearance he has for years been at times a severe sufferer from indisposition. He has often been obliged to pass many nights in succession sitting in his chair, being incapable of lying down for a moment. After these painful visitations were gone by, it was common to see his Royal Highness resume his activity with the same affable carriage by which he had been always distinguished.

About the middle of last month the state of his Royal Highness became dangerous. His nights were distressingly restless, and his strength rapidly declined. The bulletins issued from day to day, though worded with due caution, were sufficiently intelligible to those acquainted with the course usually pursued when a Prince is on the bed of death. They told that hope was no more.

From day to day the illustrious patient continued to languish, till he was reduced to a most distressing state of debility, but he seldom complained. On the night of Thursday, the 20th, Drs Chambers and Holland remained in attendance on their charge, doubtful whether he would see another morrow. Between one and two in the morning of Friday some improvement was remarked: but the hope this was calculated to inspire soon faded, and the former symptoms returned. At seven o'clock the last bulletin was issued—it was as follows:—

“Kensington Palace, Friday, April 21.

Half-past 7, A.M.

“His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex has passed another restless night, and is considerably weaker this morning.

(Signed) W. F. CHAMBERS.
H. HOLLAND.
THOS. COPELAND.”

The illustrious patient continued to sink; nothing remained but to wait the result; it was thought it would not be improper to call in his Royal Highness's household, and the domestics were accordingly admitted into the chamber between 11 and 12 o'clock, to take a last farewell of their indulgent master. His Royal Highness did not appear aware of their presence, or

was too weak and exhausted to acknowledge it.

Though his last moment was evidently at hand, it appeared to those about him that his Royal Highness retained consciousness, and was even capable of speech.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge arrived at Kensington in the course of the morning. At twelve o'clock he was ushered into the chamber of mourning, where the Duchess of Inverness, who had sat up the three preceding nights, then affectionately watched her departing lord. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge was standing by the bedside of his Royal brother when he breathed his last.

It had long been the expressed wish of his Royal Highness that, when he should be no more, his remains should be subjected to medical examination. This was accordingly done, and the physician's report was as follows:—

APPEARANCES OBSERVED ON INSPECTING THE MORTAL REMAINS OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF SUSSEX.

April 23, 1843.

In the head there were no signs of disease, except that a serous fluid was effused between the membranes by which the brain is immediately invested.

The mucous membrane lining the throat and windpipe was of a dark colour, in consequence of its vessels being unusually turgid with blood. In other respects these parts were in a perfectly healthy state.

In the chest—The lungs presented no appearance of disease; the heart was of rather a small size, and the muscular structure was thin and flaccid. On the right side of the heart there was no other morbid appearance; but the valves on the left side, both those between the auricle and ventricle, and those at the origin of the aorta, were ossified to a considerable extent. The coronary arteries were considerably ossified also.

In the abdomen—The liver was in a state of disease, presenting a granular appearance throughout its whole substance.

In the lower bowel there were some internal hemorrhoids; but there were no other marks of disease either in this or any other of the viscera.

(Signed) WM. F. CHAMBERS, M.D.
HENRY HOLLAND, M.D.
BENJ. C. BRODIE, Serjeant-Surgeon.
ROBERT KEATE, Serjeant-Surgeon.
JOHN DORRATT.
JOHN NUSSBY.

Immediately after his Royal Highness died, messengers were sent off to her Majesty at Buckingham Palace, the Queen Dowager, the Duchess of Kent, and other branches of the Royal family; to Sir Robert Peel, the Home and other public offices.

The bells of Kensington Church and St Margaret's, Westminster, were immediately tolled to announce the melancholy event.

His Royal Highness Prince Augustus Frederick was the ninth child and fifth son of George III, and was born the 27th of January, 1773, being, consequently, 70 years and somewhat less than three months old at the time of his death. His titles, besides the ducal one, were Earl of Inverness, and Baron of Arklow; he was a Knight of the Garter, a Knight of the Thistle, Grand Cross of Hanover, and a Privy Councillor; High Steward of Plymouth, Ranger of St James's and Hyde Parks, Colonel of the Hon. Artillery Company, Grand Master of the United Order of Freemasons of England and Wales, President of the Society of Arts, and an Official Trustee of the British and Hunterian Museums.

The Duke of Sussex was twice married, although neither of the marriages received the sanction of the Royal Marriage Act—first to Lady Augusta de Ameland Murray, at Rome, in April, 1793, and in London, Dec. 5, 1793, which marriage was declared null by the Prerogative Court in August following. The issue of this marriage are, Sir Augustus D'Este, born January 13, 1794, and Ellen Augusta, Mdle D'Este, born August 11, 1801. Lady Augusta Murray survived her separation from her illustrious husband until March, 1830. The Duke's second wife, Lady Cecilia Gore, daughter of the second Earl of Arran, survives his Royal Highness; she was created Duchess of Inverness, March the 30th, 1840.

THE FUNERAL.

The will of his Royal Highness was read on Saturday afternoon, at Kensington Palace, in the presence of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge and of the executors appointed by his late Royal Highness, viz., Lord Dinorben, Colonel Tynte, and Mr Walker, the comptroller of his Royal Highness's household. In his will, it was his particular desire that his body, on his decease, should be interred in the public cemetery at Kensall green, instead of the mausoleum in Cardinal Wolsey's chapel at Windsor, appropriated for the members of the family of George III. His Royal Highness had been in the habit of

visiting the cemetery to mark the spot to which the remains of one, or more than one valued friend, had been consigned, and there he conceived the desire that his mortal frame might eventually repose in that much admired place of interment. It was at first supposed that court etiquette would forbid compliance with the wish of the deceased in this respect, and that his body would be carried to the Royal sepulchre at Windsor. Through the gracious permission of her Majesty, the only obstacle which might have existed was completely removed. It was her pleasure that the will of her Royal uncle should be, in every respect, attended to, and preparations were accordingly made for the funeral at Kensall green. A great sensation was created by the announcement that the remains of Royalty were to be deposited in a public place of burial. From the anxiety manifested on the part of the public to witness the last honours rendered to the departed Prince, many new erections were prepared in the line of road by which the mournful pageant was to advance. A number of individuals connected with the Paddington Canal thought it would be a profitable speculation to assemble boats near the cemetery for the accommodation of spectators. Various other contrivances were resorted to with the same object.

Early in the week the Chapel was hung with black, as was the interior of the portico, which was inclosed to give additional space for the mourners. Two rooms were prepared, one on each side of the Chapel, in the colonnade, one for the Royal Family and suite, the other for the Directors. In front of the Chapel, on each side of the road within the walls of the Cemetery, leading to the chapel, two large enclosures were formed, defended by strong barriers, for proprietors of tombs, shareholders of the Company, &c.

On Monday the Heralds, who always take a part in Royal obsequies, attended with Sir William Martins, to go through that portion of the solemnity in which they would have to act, in order to guard against confusion at the last moment.

Wednesday was the day named for lying in state at Kensington Palace, and Thursday was fixed upon for the funeral.

On Wednesday night the following programme was issued from the Lord Chamberlain's office:—

CEREMONIAL

FOR THE PRIVATE INTERMENT OF

HIS LATE ROYAL HIGHNESS

AUGUSTUS FREDERICK DUKE OF SUSSEX,

SIXTH SON OF HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE THE THIRD,

IN THE CEMETERY, KENSALL GREEN,

ON THURSDAY MORNING THE 4TH OF MAY, 1843.

The body will lie in State at Kensington Palace, on Wednesday May the 3rd, from Ten o'clock in the morning, until Four in the Afternoon.

At Eight o'clock in the Morning of Thursday May the 4th, the remains of His late Royal Highness will be removed from Kensington Palace to the Cemetery in the following order:—

A Detachment of Cavalry and a Military Band.

A Mourning Coach, drawn by Four Horses, in which will be the Pages of His late Royal Highness.

A Mourning Coach, drawn by Four Horses, in which will be the Pages of His late Royal Highness.

A Mourning Coach, drawn by Six Horses,

in which will be the Medical Attendants of His late Royal Highness.

A Mourning Coach, drawn by Six Horses,

in which will be the Medical Attendants, &c., of His late Royal Highness.

A Mourning Coach, drawn by Six Horses, in which will be the Vicar and Curate of the Parish of Kensington.

A Mourning Coach, drawn by Six Horses,

in which will be the Chaplains of His late Royal Highness.

A Mourning Coach, drawn by Six Horses,

in which will be the Equerries of the Royal Family.

A Mourning Coach, drawn by Six Horses, in which will be the Equerries of the Queen Dowager.

A Mourning Coach, drawn by Six Horses,

in which will be the Equerries of the Queen.

A Mourning Coach, drawn by Six Horses,

in which will be the Equerries of His late Royal Highness.

A Mourning Coach, drawn by Six Horses, in which will be the Herald.

A Mourning Coach, drawn by Six Horses, in which will be

the Lord and Groom in Waiting to His Royal Highness Prince Albert.

A Mourning Coach, drawn by Six Horses, in which will be

the Vice Chamberlain and the Lord and Groom in Waiting to the Queen.

The State Carriage of His late Royal Highness, drawn by Six Horses, the Sorrents

in deep Mourning, in which will be the CORONET of His late Royal Highness,

borne by one of the Equerries of His late Royal Highness, and

accompanied by Gentlemen Ushers to the Queen.

THE HEARSE,

drawn by Eight Horses,

adorned with

Escocheons of His late Royal Highness's Arms.

A Mourning Coach, with Six Horses,

in which will be

THE CHIEF MOURNER,

attended by his Two Supporters.

Escort to the
Chief Mourner.
Cavalry.

Escort to the
Chief Mourner.
Cavalry.

Supporter

of the Pall.

Supporter

of the Pall.



Covered with a Black Velvet Pall,
adorned with Escudoheons of
His late Royal Highness's Arms.

Supporter

of the Pall.

Supporter

of the Pall.

A Gentleman Usher.

Garter Principal
King of Arms, carrying
his Sceptre.

A Gentleman Usher.

THE CHIEF MOURNER,

Supporter.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge,
in a long Black Cloak, with the Star of the
Order of the Garter embroidered thereon,
and wearing the Collar of that Order,
his Train borne by one of
His Royal Highness's Equerries.

Supporter.

His Royal Highness Prince Albert, in a long Black Cloak, with the Star of the Order of the Garter embroidered thereon, and wearing the Collar of that Order, attended by His Royal Highness's Groom of the Stole and Treasurer, the Train of His Royal Highness borne by one of the Equerries of His Royal Highness.
His Royal Highness Prince George of Cambridge, in a long Black Cloak, with the Star of the Order of the Garter embroidered thereon, and wearing the Collar of that Order, his Train borne by a Gentleman.
His Royal Highness Prince Frederick, Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburgh Strelitz, his Train borne by a Gentleman.

The Executors named in the Will of His late Royal Highness.

The Cabinet Ministers.

Personal Friends of His late Royal Highness.

Staff of the Artillery Company.

Upon entering the Chapel, the Body will be placed on a platform, and the Coronet and Cushion laid upon the Coffin. The Chief Mourner will sit at the head of the Corpses, the Supporters of the Pall standing on each side. The Princes of the Royal Family, with the Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburgh Strelitz, will sit near the Chief Mourner. The Lord Chamberlain of Her Majesty's Household will take his place at the feet of the Corpses. The Supporters of the Pall will stand on each side of the Body. The Train Bearer will stand behind the Princes of the Royal Family, and also the Executors of His late Royal Highness. The other Persons composing the procession will be arranged on either side of the Chapel, the Pages having filed off at the entrance.

The part of the Service before the Interment being read, the Corpses will be deposited

in the Vault, and the Bishop of Norwich having concluded the Burial Service, Garter Principal King of Arms will pronounce the Style of His late Royal Highness.

The Knights of the several Orders present at the Solemnity will wear their Collars, with white Rosettes.

The Carriage of the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty.
 The Carriage of Her Majesty the Queen Dowager.
 The Carriage of His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge.
 The Carriage of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester.
 The Carriage of Her Royal Highness the Princess Sophia.
 The Carriage of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent.
 The Carriage of Her Royal Highness the Princess Sophia Matilda of Gloucester.
 A Mourning Coach, drawn by Six Horses,
 in which will be the Executors named in the Will of His late Royal Highness.
 Private Carriages, in which will be the immediate Personal Friends of
 His late Royal Highness invited to attend the Solemnity.
 A Detachment of Cavalry.

Upon arrival at the Chapel, the Cavalry will form on either side the Portico. At the entrance to the Chapel, the Procession will move in the following order:—

Pages of His late Royal Highness.
 Medical Attendants of His late Royal Highness.
 The Curate of Kensington. Vicar of Kensington.
 Secretary, Librarian, &c. of His late Royal Highness.
 Chaplains of His late Royal Highness.
 Equerry of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent.
 Equerry of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester.
 Equerry of His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge.
 Equerries of the Queen Dowager.
 Equerries of the Queen.
 Equerries of His late Royal Highness.
 Herald.
 Groom in Waiting Lord in Waiting
 to His Royal Highness Prince Albert. to His Royal Highness Prince Albert.
 Groom in Waiting Lord in Waiting
 to the Queen. to the Queen.
 Herald.
 The Chaplain to the Cemetery. Herald.
 The Master of the Horse to the Queen. The Lord Steward.
 Herald.
 A Gentleman The Vice-Chamberlain The Lord Chamberlain A Gentleman
 Usher to the of of Usher to the
 Queen. Her Majesty's Household. Her Majesty's Household. Queen.

THE CORONET

A Gentleman Usher { of His late Royal Highness
 to upon a Black Velvet Cushion,
 the Queen. borne by one of the Equerries
 of His late Royal Highness. } A Gentleman Usher
 to the Queen.

Though included in the ceremonial, as appears in what goes before, it was arranged, as Prince Albert was to be accompanied by a military escort from Buckingham Palace, that his Royal Highness should proceed by another route, the road leading to the bridge by the south-east wall of the Cemetery, and as it was anticipated that the assembled crowd on the bridge would render the approach inconvenient, a wooden temporary platform of planks was proposed, that he might enter by the water gate, and join the procession as it entered the Chapel.

The Lord Chamberlain was almost constantly in communication with the Directors and the local authorities, in order to afford the public every satisfaction and protection, and to guard against accident. His labours were anxiously seconded by Lord Ingestrie, Sir John Paul, Mr Sievier, Captain Wardell, and the other Directors of the Company. Mr Banting, of St James's street, had the whole management of the funeral committed to his charge. The erections which have been mentioned were executed with equal rapidity and

skill, by Mr Stephens, of Charlotte street, Portland place.

In connexion with such a solemnity, though no one would regard expense, it may not be impertinent to state the exact charges made by the cemetery. They are as follows:—

	£.	s.	d.
To a double vault	-	-	17 0 0
Interment fees	-	-	5 5 0
Early service	-	-	0 7 6
Entering of grant	-	-	0 2 6
	£	22	15 0

These, it is to be remarked, are the highest charges sanctioned by the Directors. The vast size of the coffin, measuring seven feet five inches by three feet nine inches, rendered such charge necessary, the ordinary cost of interment in a public vault being only 4*l.* 4*s.* For a common grave in perpetuity the cost is only 3*l.* 3*s.*, nor is any fee claimed for permission to erect a monument or mausoleum.

EPITAPH ON THE LATE DUKE OF SUSSEX.

FOR THE MAUSOLEUM TO BE ERECTED IN THE KENSALL-GREEN CEMETERY.

WAITING the Resurrection of the just,
This mausoleum treasures royal dust.
While other monuments proclaim they show
Where sleep the ministers of human woe:
Here one reposes whose more gentle mind
Ranked not with the destroyers of mankind.
He sought not to inscribe his honoured name
Among the blood-stained votaries of fame,
But left to them a giddy world's applause,
To plead the widow's and the orphan's cause
While in the councils of the state he fought
For universal liberty of thought.
'Twas his to cultivate the arts of Peace,
The sum of humble comfort to increase,
To cheer the mourner and identify
His glory with refined humanity.

So passed his life among the haunts of men
Till he had numbered threescore years and ten,

Each season but revolving to convince
The world, a Patriot might be a Prince;
And dying, his last testament here brings
His bones, far from the sepulchre of Kings,
He wished, from principle he could not swerve,
To sleep in death with those he lived to serve

CARRIAGES OF FORMER DAYS.

THE endless variety of vehicles which from time to time are brought under the public eye in modern times, show the active march of mind. They differ in most important respects from those which were devised by "the wisdom of our ancestors." We might

almost venture to congratulate the horses of the present day on the advantage they have over their four-footed ancestors, seeing not only are the sloughs and wretchedly-formed roads through which they had to toil rendered hard and smooth, but the vehicles which they have to draw are not half the weight of those which a century or two ago were in common use.

A history of carriages in this day of illustration would not be devoid of interest. To exhibit the varieties of vehicular contrivance which have from time to time been furnished at various periods of the history of the world, would gratify many infinitely more than the puerile conceits which too often engage the burins of our best engravers. Correct representations of many of those which carried distinguished individuals in the middle ages exist, and the ruins of Herculaneum, Pompeii, and perhaps we may add Egypt, furnish others of more remote date.

The ancient Britons, while for the most part they are supposed to have lived in the woods, were provided with chariots. They were not merely for repose or pageantry, but they were dread engines of war. When they joined battle with a foe, their chariots, from the wheels of which scythes projected, were calculated to make fearful havoc in the ranks of an unprepared enemy. Discipline, no doubt, soon found the means of arresting their course before great injury had been sustained. If the fatal arrow or javelin failed to kill or disable the furiously advancing horses, it was easy to put some massy object in the way of the menacing scythes which could not fail to stop their course. The bold islanders were accustomed to run along the pole in front of their chariot, no doubt, where practicable, to remove any obstacle to their advance. Among the Greeks chariots were used in war, and at the obsequies of their great men. We may, however, go further back. Pharaoh had chariots; in one of which, we read in Genesis, Joseph was permitted to ride. That monarch we also find pursuing those who had been his captives, when by Divine aid they made their way to the Red sea. Isaiah, looking forward to the future glory of Jerusalem, has a prophetic view of its chariots and horses. Chariot races were common among the Romans. They copied the amusements of the Greeks as well as their religion; and cars carrying the *opima spolia*, as well as Romans of distinction, are found in all the representations of the triumphant festivals of that great people. Juvenal frequently mentions or alludes to carriages. He tells of a spendthrift who, "*Pervolat arcu citato Flaminiam*," flies over the Flaminian way with his whirling axle-tree (Sat. i.) He subsequently speaks of the axle-tree that carried Ligurian stones, "*Axis, qui por-*

lat *Ligustrea saxa*" (Sat. iii); from which it would appear that parts were then used to remove stones. The *deners rhede*, rendered by Stirling "tumbling waggon," occurs in the fourth satire, and a few lines afterwards the poet speaks of a British chariot, "*Arviragus excidet de Bragmo temore*" (Sat. iv); Arviragus shall fall from his British chariot.

The frescoes of Pompeii present us with a wine cart, or waggon, on four wheels, having an arched space in the centre of the cart. One carriage, done in stucco on stone in the temple of Venus, exhibits a sort of half circular seat, or riding place, on a solid wheel, the fore part of the cart or carriage being something like a camelopard's neck. In the Cotton Library there is a valuable Saxon illuminated manuscript, by some supposed to be the work of Efricus, Abbot of Malmesbury. It is a commentary on the Book of Genesis, and in one of the embellishments, representing the meeting of Joseph and Jacob, there appears a slung carriage, in which Joseph is seated, suspended by iron hooks from a framework of wood, in appearance something like a hammock, and moving on four wheels. Jacob is seen in a cart. This shows what the ideas of the illustrator were; but if we suppose him to have been fanciful, it at least shows what vehicles were then known at that period in England.

We shall, however, come down to what is more certain. The body of William Rufus, Malmesbury states to have been placed on a *rheda caballarea*, a kind of horse litter; and King John, when dying, was conveyed to the Abbey of Swinstead in *lectica equestre*, a horse-bed. These litters were used on state occasions. The young wife of Richard the Second, and Margaret the daughter of Henry the Seventh, travelled in litters, and Queen Katherine was carried in one to her coronation. The mother of Henrietta, Queen of Charles the First, entered London in a litter, having progressed from Warwick in a coach. It is not improbable that the litter was necessary for the royal traveller after passing over a hundred miles of road, like that which then lay between Warwick and London.

In the 'Anciennes Chroniques de Flandres,' 1347, a manuscript, which we believe remains in beautiful preservation, the Flight of Emengand, wife of Salvard, Lord o Rousillon, is represented. The carriage in which she is seated is richly coloured, and the horses are attached by the method still in use. The wheels appear to have had a tire of iron, and the body of the chariot is of carved wood. The lady is seated inside, a servant behind, and her jester in front.

That elegant chariots were known in the time of Edward the Third is plain

from what we read in Chaucer, thus modernized—

"To-morrow we shall go on hunting free,
And ride my daughter in a chere;
It shall be covered with velvet red,
And cloths of fine gold all about your head,
With damask white and azure blue
Well drapered with lilies new; with gold,
Your pomelles shall be ended with gold,
Your chains enamelled many a fold."

These "pomelles," says Mr Adams, to whose careful researches on these subjects we are indebted for many of the facts mentioned in this article, "were doubtless the handles to the rods affixed towards the roof of the chariote, and were for the purpose of holding by, when deep ruts or obstacles in the road caused an unusual jerk in the vehicle."

So late as the year 1620, in Paris, it was common for a lady to go to court masked and banded, sitting on a horse behind a man. The first wheeled vehicle brought into common use was a sort of sedan chair, and was called a *brouette*, or *roulette*. These, from the pictures given of them, would seem to have been not much unlike some of the smaller cabriolets of the present day. Carriages were made suspended by leather straps in the time of Louis the Fourteenth. Old Paris is stated to have been eighty-one years of age before coaches were used in England. As he was born in 1483, that would bring the advent of these useful vehicles to about the year 1564. "The first seen here," writes Taylor the water-poet, "was brought out of the Netherlands by one William Boonen, a Dutchman, who gave a coach to Queen Elizabeth, for she had been seven years a queen before she had any coach." "But," he adds, "they never swarmed to pester the streets as they do now till the year 1605, and then was the gunpowder treason hatched, and at that time did the coaches breed and multiply." The hint that Guy Fawkes's treason had caused coaches to increase seems a little extravagant. The people of that day had soon another nuisance to complain of, the introduction of sedan chairs. Then, when the paths were intruded upon by those who could afford to be carried, a very sentimental opposition was offered, and the practice was condemned as odious, because it compelled human beings to perform that labour which had previously been done by beasts, and the noblemen who principally favoured their introduction became in consequence very unpopular. —[This subject will be resumed in a future number.]

"SECRETS OF ART AND NATURE,"

AN OLD SCIENTIFIC WORK.

Dr John Walker's 'Secrets of Art and Nature,' furnishes some recipes which at

the time in which he lived were deemed invaluable. The following is a specimen:—

TO CURE THE FALLING SICKNESS.

"Take the skull of a man, especially of a thief that is hanged, and that died of no disease (for they ascribe more virtue to this than to any other); dry the skull upon a gridiron and powder it; then take three penny seeds and one dram of the powder in a spoonful of lavender-water in the morning, do so for three days together. This powder must be taken fasting, and the patient must stay at home three days, drinking but little and eating meats of light digestion, as eggs, &c. It will not be amiss also that the patient every day take a spoonful of lavender-water, also unicorn's horn is good against the disease."

FOR A FIT OF THE EPILEPSIE.

"Orpheus and Archelaus says, out of Pliny, that those who are fallen into a fit of this disease will be presently freed from it if you rub their lips, at that time, with man's blood, or do pull or prick lustily their great toes."

FOR THE DROPSIE.

"It is a wonder that some say how that a river make, if he be tied by the tail with a cord, and a vessel set under him full of water, that which he casts out of his mouth, in a few hours or days will be a stone, that, falling into the basin, will drink up all the water. Bind this stone to the stomach of any man that hath the dropsie, and it draws out all the water."

AGAINST THUNDER.

"Bury a seahorse skin in the ground, in any country, and no thunder will fall there."

ANOTHER.

"The bay tree is a remedy against thunder, as Pliny writes. Wherefore the ancients, fearing thunder, wore a crown of bays upon their heads. The same is reported of the fig tree."

TO MAKE FISHES COME TO ONE PLACE IN THE SEA.

"Take three shell fish that breed upon the rocks of the sea, and pulling forth their substances, write these words in their shells, and you will wonder to see how all the fish will come together: the words are 'Jao Sabaoth.' Fish eaters use this device."

TO PRESERVE GARDENS.

"If a vine be twisted and set over against Ponspior, it will not only hinder thieves from coming in, but keeps all mischief from gardens."

IMPROMPTU.

ON READING MR BROAD'S ADVERTISEMENT OF HIS CHAMPAGNE, &c.
Cease, Britons, cease, what's English to deary,

To aid outlandish trumpony and fraud,
Let taste home industry smelt, and buy
Champagne, the brilliant-sparkling from
A—Broad.

— Coco is the Portuguese word for a bug-bear; it was applied to the fruit from the resemblance of an ugly face which may be traced at the stalk end.—Southey.

The Salt-tax.

Salt v. Soot.—The repeal of the salt tax has had one effect which was not calculated upon by its advocates: it has seriously damaged the chimney-sweeping business! Coarse salt being now very generally used as manure, has in a great measure superseded soot, and the price of the latter article has declined from 14. 3d. to 4d. per bushel.

Negroes and Narcissus.—There are certain tribes of negroes, who take for the deity of the day the first thing they see in the morning. Many of our fine ladies and gentlemen are of the same sect, though by aid of the looking-glass they secure a constancy as to the object of their devotion.

The *Somerset Gazette*.—The *'Delist Gazette'* of February 22, says:—We must not forget to announce the removal into the magazine this morning of the *Somerset Gazette*; the only observations we have heard either from Hindoo or Mussulman during their stay here has been of surprise at so much fuss being made about a couple of mannds of rotten old wood.

Wilkie's *'Reading the Will'*.—This picture, which is now at Schleissheim, near Munich, was originally bespoken by the King of Bavaria, but George IV, who was already the possessor of the *'Penny Wedding'*, took a fancy to add it to his collection; and a diplomatic correspondence was necessary before the foreign sovereign was allowed to enjoy his purchase in peace.

Complimentary Opinion of Southwark.—Up to 1328, Southwark had been independent of the jurisdiction of London, a sort of neutral ground, which the law could not reach, and in consequence the abode of thieves and abandoned characters of every kind. They used to rally forth in bands of one and two hundred at a time, to rob in the city, and the lord mayor and aldermen had not unfrequently to keep watch on the bridge for nights together, at the head of a troop of armed men, to prevent their inroads. The thieves, however, on these occasions, took to their boats at midnight, and rowing up the river, landed at Westminster, and drove all before them with as much valour, and as great impunity, as a border chieftain upon a foray into Cumberland. These things induced the magistrates of London to apply to Edward III for a grant of Southwark. The request was complied with, and the vicious place brought under the rule of the city. Driven in some measure from this nest, the thieves took refuge in Lambeth, and still set the authorities at defiance. From that day to this the two boroughs have had the same character, and been known as the favourite resort of thieves and vagabonds of every description.—*Mackay's Thames.*

Martyr's Hearts.—Hume, speaking of the death of Cranmer, says, "It is pretended that after his body was consumed his heart was found entire and untouched amidst the ashes; an event which, as it was the emblem of his constancy, was fondly believed by the zealous Protestants." Neither Protestants nor Catholics had any reason to doubt the fact. That which Hume treats as unworthy of credit was, in the days of martyrdom, a very common incident. The form of the heart, its composition, and its situation in the body may all tend to account for it. When John Huss was burnt at Constance his heart was found after the body was destroyed, and it was crushed and beaten into "small gobbets," and a new fire kindled to finish the tragedy. The same thing happened within the last century to one or more females who suffered for petty treason in the Old Bailey.

Bonaparte.—To Madame Tussaud and Sons' celebrated exhibition there has been added, without any extra charge, apartments which contain some memorials of Napoleon. They have been collected at a vast expense, not in that spirit of puerile curiosity which can value the parings of a great man's nails, or a scratch of his pen, but because they are objects of real interest in his history. Among them are the mantle which Bonaparte wore at Marengo; the carriage in which he went to Russia in the fatal expedition of 1812; and the bed and bolster on which he breathed his last.

Anecdote of the late Sir R. W. Vaughan.—The Hon. Baronet, a correspondent writes, in early life was in the army. Serving on the continent as an ensign on some occasion, by a sudden dash one of the enemy's soldiers seized the colours which were in his keeping, and attempted to secure his prize by carrying them off. Vaughan pursued sword in hand, and came close up with the still retreating foe. He was about to strike him with his weapon, when his humane disposition suggested that this was unnecessary. He passed his blade to his left hand, and with his right gave the Frenchman a heavy thump on the head which knocked him down. Sir Robert thus recovered his colours, and left his prostrate foe without doing him further injury.

May-day in Germany.—The beginning of May has, in many European countries, been distinguished by nirthful peculiarities. Not the least singular is the following:—"The village of Salzdorf," says Grimm, "in the territories of Hesse, was bound to pay the sum of ninepence to the Baron of Buchenau on St Walburg's day (May-day). The bearer, who was called the Walperts-mannikin, was bound to be seated upon a specified stone of the bridge before Buchenau Castle at six o'clock in the morning

of May-day. If he was behind his time, the sum to be paid increased progressively, and at so rapid a rate, that by evening the whole community of Salzdorf would have been unable to discharge it. The Walperts-mannikin was therefore always accompanied by two comrades to guard against accidents. But if the appointed hour found him at his post, he was abundantly feasted by the baron; and if he could keep wide awake through such feasting for three whole days (including nights) he was entitled to his maintenance for life; but if his eyes once closed he was forthwith turned out of the castle."

—M. Claudet, of London, assisted by M. Lerebours, the optician of Paris, took the portrait of the King at the Palace of the Tuileries, on the 15th ult. We understand that M. Claudet produced fifteen good portraits of his Majesty in less than a quarter of an hour.—*Galignani.*

—A very clever copy (by Archibald Gunn, a self-taught artist, and a native of Sutherlandshire) of a picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds has been made, which has not only met with the approbation of several eminent artists, but is likely to gain for the individual, now in humble circumstances, the patronage of some of the highest of the nobility.

—Dogs have a sense of time so as to count the days of the week. My grandfather had one, who trudged two miles every Saturday to market, to cater for himself in the shambles; and a dog which had belonged to an Irishman, and was sold by him in England, would never touch a morsel of food on a Friday. The Irishman had made him as good a Catholic as he was himself.—*Omniana.*

—When we have examined, step by step, the physical history of the human race—if we have entered the wigwam of the Red Indian, and followed the hunter in obtaining the scanty means of his precarious existence—if we have endured an Arctic winter in the snow hut of the Esquimaux, and have ceased to sneer at him, when we find that no other life was possible under the circumstances in which he is placed—in one word, if we have traced Humanity through all the forms, simple and complicated, rude and civilized, of social existence, and have found that in each state there is something recommendable, then, and not till then, shall we treat with consideration those who differ from us, instead of warring against individualities and forms which are not the same as our own.—*D.ffenbach.*

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